

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

The Clothes Men Wear.

We wear too much clothing, and we may quit it. The other day in New York a man appeared in the dining room of the Waldorf-Astoria, without coat or vest, arrayed in a cool blue shirt waist, presumably elongated tailwise, his trousers being held in place by a belt. The head waiter objected to serving him in that costume. The man retorted that the Vanderbilts and Astors at Newport had adopted shirt waists and that it was now the fashion. He was served.

What, in the name of a sweet and benignant heaven, is the sense of smothering ourselves the way we do?

The women put on airy, fairy lawns, chailies, organdies and float by as if they were one with and part of the passing zephyr, cool and beautiful, not victims of summer, but creations and fellows with it.

But we men, in the face of a day that would fry eggs on a stone pavement, arise from our beds and chuck our heads through the devious channel of an undershirt and drag our feet through the constricted legs of elastic underwear. Not content with that, we drag on a pair of trousers which, augmented by the contents of the pockets are heavy, and yoke them around our neck by a pair of suspenders and over a shirt. Having put on two layers of warmth-holding and heat-drawing material, the upper part of our body suddenly demands more protection from the cold which prevails when the temperature has set its teeth in the 100 mark and is holding on. Consequently we add around the upper part of our body a vest. This is an unsightly, bob-tailed affair without arms. As we first added a shirt to hide the undershirt, we put on the vest to hide the shirt, and the vest being admittedly ugly, it is necessary that we devise something at once to hide the vest. We secure a large, impenetrable, close-fitting coat and add a fourth layer about our shivering bosom. Swathed in four layers of suffocating cloth, tailored to fit all the nooks and corners of the human frame, and all its angularities, we sail out to do business.

The savage Scythian who wraps a moth-eaten wolf pelt about his loins and goes out to pick plums has more sense about clothes than we have; the Chinaman who promenades the street with nothing heavier about him than a table cloth, an umbrella and a bird cage, shows better judgment, and the Turk who wears negligee trousers with a collapsible seat that flaps in the breeze, can give us pointers on how to dress.

The North Carolina Election.

An election of state officials and to determine the popular will with regard to a suffrage amendment to the state constitution will be held in North Carolina on the 24 of August. In 1872 the Democratic defeat in North Carolina at the August election was the first token of the impending collapse of the alliance to elect Horace Greeley to the presidency. Although the Southern Democratic leaders were foremost in this movement and brought up almost solid delegations to the Baltimore national convention to nominate Greeley, the experiment was too harsh and sudden for the temper of the old ex-slaveholding Democracy. Since then North Carolina has undergone some serious political vibrations, but has come around at last with the apparent intention of staying in the ranks of the Democratic party.

When the Populist organization was formed it gave the Democrats of the south nowhere as much trouble as in North Carolina. There, as in other states of the south, the Republicans did not scruple to enter into coalition with the Populists. The hope was confidently entertained that the fusionists, in controlling black voters, would be able at last to wrest the southern states from the Democratic party. But in North Carolina alone, where cheap money heresies have taken the strongest hold of the popular mind, did the movement achieve much success.

In 1894 the Republican-Populist fusion carried its state ticket by 20,000 majority and elected a legislature which sent Marion Butler, Populist, and J. C. Pritchard, Republican, to the United States senate. Although going under different party names, this brace of North Carolina statesmen entertained much the same political opinions, both being in favor of a high tariff. Pritchard, who was chosen to fill a vacancy caused by the death of the lamented Senator Vance, has since been re-elected by the same fusion. Butler's term will expire on March 4, 1901, and as the hold over legislature is strongly Democratic there is no doubt that a Democrat will be chosen next winter to take his place.

In 1896 the present Republican governor of North Carolina was elected on a fusion ticket by a plurality of only 9,000 votes, a Populist holding candidate having received over 30,000 votes. But while the Populists and Republicans fused on state issues, Bryan had a majority of nearly 20,000 votes. Senator Butler, who was chairman of the Populist national committee, found himself constrained to abandon the Republican alliance or give up his position in the Populist party. The Democratic candidate for the governorship this year is Charles B. Aycock, and as fusion in North Carolina has lost its force with the collapse of the Populist party there is no doubt of his election by a large majority.

The Triumph of John Hay.

From present indications, Secretary of State Hay appears to have made a fine diplomatic stroke in his treatment of the Chinese question. Not only has he taken the lead in communicating with the imprisoned foreigners in Peking, but he has succeeded in placing the United States at the front in the effort to restore order in the Flowery Kingdom, and to bring about a settlement of the pending troubles in such a way as to guarantee the safety of Americans and other foreigners who are in China.

There is a good reason why Secretary Hay was able to beat all the diplomats of Europe in handling the Chinese question. The position of the United States had much to do with the result. Three weeks ago, in a letter to our representatives abroad, Secretary Hay outlined the policy of this government with respect to China in such a manner as to indicate that, while we had no disposition to overlook any injury to Americans, we had no purpose to interfere with the territorial unity of the Chinese empire; that, in fact, it was our sole aim to reopen communication with Peking, protect Americans in the enjoyment of their lives and property, and remove the barriers in the way of legitimate trade in China.

That was an assurance to China that it had nothing to fear in the way of injustice at the hands of the United States, and that nothing would be done to destroy the peaceful relations of the two governments so long as it was apparent that the Chinese government was not responsible for the outrages committed. It was clear that the policy of the United States was to be one of exact justice, and under the circumstances it was but natural that Minister Wu should have co-operated fully with the effort of the secretary of state to get word to Minister Conger and transmit his reply to Washington.

Proposed Industrial University.

The Southern Industrial League, in session at Atlanta, has declared that a pressing and immediate need of the south is an industrial university. There is no question that the establishment of such an institution on a plan similar to that of the world famous technical and industrial schools

of Germany would be of incalculable benefit to the south. The advantage would be particularly great at this time, when the south is developing at a greater rate than any other part of the country and establishing manufacturing in almost every line of industrial activity. It is a far-seeing intelligence in the south which recognizes that this manufacturing growth may only be made to realize its greatest possibilities through a sufficient supply of properly trained artisan and directive material, and that this supply can be obtained through the establishment of manual training schools and a great industrial high school.

Just as the plans of Booker T. Washington for the practical education of the negro race as carried out at the manual training school of which he is the head bid fair, if they shall be properly extended, to aid greatly in the solution of the race problem in the south by providing an un-falling and well equipped labor supply, so the establishment of higher industrial schools will provide the necessary technical ability to direct this well trained labor.

It is with good reason that the south looks forward to a period of prosperous and pronounced commercial activity.

Remarkable Torpedo Boat Tests.

A new British torpedo boat, the Viper, was recently tested over a measured course of one mile for extreme speed. The results were well worthy of special notice. Six runs were made. The slowest mile was at the rate of 25.50 knots an hour. The fastest mile was equivalent to a speed of 37.11 knots an hour. The average of six trials was about 34.45 knots. That means more than 42.5 statute miles and is equal to a mile in less than a minute and a half.

The torpedo boat fell into some disrepute during the war between the United States and Spain, but these figures indicate that it may yet prove a most formidable fighting machine. The capacity of such vessels as the Viper has never been tested in war, nor has the power of much slower torpedo boats been fairly put to the proof.

The Spanish torpedo vessels destroyed easily at Santiago were sent to their fate in broad daylight, when the sea was smooth. They had no chance at all. It was never expected that torpedo boats could fight cruisers and battleships under such conditions. The results revealed nothing not theoretically known before.

But what would be the outcome of a rush out of a harbor, in a dark and stormy night, by half a dozen torpedo boats capable of going at the rate of forty miles an hour and commanded by men of resolute daring? In three minutes battleships lying two miles off the port could be reached. Through that brief space of time the target presented to the enemy's guns would be approaching at the speed of an express train. The boats would be half-covered with foam and spray. They would offer only a narrow bow to the ship aimed at, and their speed would make the use of range-finders impossible.

If any one thinks it would be easy to stop the on-rush of such vessels, at night, under the strain of a critical moment, he little understands the conditions of gunnery at sea. We are sure that the boldest man who ever commanded a battleship might well ask to be spared from such a test of his gun crews and such a chance of losing his ship.

The Last of Andree.

The report that a hunting party of Indians have brought word to a Hudson Bay post news of the discovery of a vast quantity of curious wreckage, as well as the finding of two dead bodies and a man who survived but a brief period, has directed new attention to the Andree balloon expedition and the probable fate of the participants in that strange and daring venture.

No doubt seems to be entertained by the officials of the Hudson Bay company that this band of Indians actually witnessed the end of the Andree undertaking. Although they had never seen a balloon, their descriptions of the wreckage which they encountered are reported to substantiate the theory that it was indeed all that is left of the famous Swede's device to reach the pole. Again, although the Indians could not understand the language of the unfortunate explorer, who lived for a brief period after the discovery of the wreck, they are certain that it was not English.

It is said that an expedition has already set out from James Bay for the scene of the rumored discovery, guided by the Indians who brought word regarding it. If so, the world should be able to know without long delay the facts of the Andree expedition is decidedly more probable than in the matter. On its race this latest account of the end of the stories which have previously been published regarding its outcome.

Includes the Directors.

Chairman Harriman of the Union Pacific road has issued an order forbidding cigarette smoking by the employees of the road, and has emphasized the meaning of the rule by extending it to the directors while attending the meetings.

Speaking with a full sense of his responsibility and in the light of his experience, Mr. Harriman says that cigarette smoking makes men "dopy," and he adds that the company might as well go to the insane asylum for its employees as to retain "cigarette fiends" in its service.

Li Hung Chang announces that if the powers will promise not to advance on Peking the ministers will be delivered safe at Tien Tsin. The thing for China to do is not to exact promises, but to produce the legationaries at once.

The Russian dispatches are not worthy of belief. Russia claims she is fighting the Chinese on the Siberian border. The chances are she is advancing southward on Peking as fast as her legs can carry her.

The fate of Conger is still in doubt. It is now known that one of the state department code books has disappeared. Conger may not have written that message.

There is a whole lot a Chinaman doesn't know about ships. A French force of 380 men on foot captured four torpedo boats from the Chinese navy.

The Kentucky trial shows that everybody was carrying a gun during the legislature. The most dangerous mixture in the world is politics and pistols.

Just about the time the reader thinks that he sees something clearly in the Chinese situation, another cloud floats between him and the scene.

There is a revolution on down in the United States of Columbia, and that nation doesn't know that China or anybody else is on the map.

Since Conger wrote that appeal for quick relief, he has probably thought a thousand times on how many degrees of quickness there can be.

This country would feel more like mediating for China if China hadn't asked every other nation on earth to do the same thing.

Dewey, like the rubber ball, always comes back. Just about the time Roberts thinks he has lost him, he finds him.

Kempff is a very cautious man. He took no part in the Taku fort fight. And it is just as well he did not.

Now the French wheat crop is reported short. The price of wheat ought to be higher than it is.

Manila is 2,000 miles from Taku. We are glad of it. It is a seat in the gallery and is safe.

Rathbone in Cuba bought a dog collar and charged it to the government!

The Wooing of Antje Wessels.

Antje Wessels was the prettiest girl on the street. When she put on her green shoes and gray striped apron and went to the annual picnic of the Hildesheim society at Burlington park with her long yellow hair braided down her back, even the old men said "it made them feel young again." She was like a breath of fresh air from the Zuyder Zee, they said, blowing in among the smoke and dust of the big city and giving to the young men—it would take a three-volume novel to tell what they said and thought and did.

Antje's mother had three rooms to rent in the house they owned and occupied. Antje's father, Deldrich Wessels, was a market gardener. He grew vegetables on ten acres of land out in Harlem and went out each morning to take care of his growing crops. He made money and saved it, and the money that came in from the roomers was added to the same fund. It would come in handy, so she was an heiress as well as a beauty. It was a thrifty and happy Dutch household.

Deldrich Wessels was anxious to see his daughter married and settled in life. In fact, he was quite willing to give her the benefit of his own experience and pick out a husband for her who would prove honest, kind and amiable. His choice was Paulus Van Vert, commonly shortened into Paul Vert. Paul had been born in Chicago, but he came of good Holland stock, and Deldrich Wessels knew him as an industrious young fellow who was one of the best coopers on the West Side, and had already begun to lay up money with the idea of starting a shop of his own.

Antje herself had no objection whatever to Paul. He was agreeable and pleasant, and if he did not spend much money on taking her out on an evening or on Sunday that was because he was saving it for the future.

It was pretty well understood along the street that Antje and Paul were to be married some day. Even the young men had begun to take it for granted. Then Mrs. Wessels rented her bedroom on the ground floor to a new boarder and the trouble began.

The new boarder had plenty of money to spend. When Deldrich Wessels had asked for references before taking him into the house he had pulled out a bank book which showed a credit of \$200 in his name. He had a big case of books in his room, and sometimes of an evening he played a guitar and sang his own accompaniment to the latest love ballads. Also, the new boarder was clean and in clothes apparently so expensive and gorgeous that frugal Mrs. Wessels' thrifty instincts were badly shocked. He was a handsome State street, he said. He was obliged to be at work at 7 o'clock, and he closed his office up when he pleased. Usually he got home at 7:30 o'clock. There was an air of mystery about him and his work which was interesting, if not fascinating.

He paid his rent a month in advance, and that helped him in the good graces of Mrs. Wessels. Then after a few weeks had passed he began to pay attention to Antje. Deldrich himself was obliged to admit that no one could blame him for that. Antje rather liked it. It was pleasant enough to be asked to go to the theatre one or two evenings a week, and surely a girl is no worse for an excursion trip across the lake once a while, especially when her escort is a good looking young man with plenty of money to spend.

Paul Vert was the chief objector. It got so that when Paul called after supper on Saturday night, he sometimes found that Antje had gone out to the theatre or a summer garden with Mr. Alkenberg. That was the name of the state boarder.

"What is his trade?" asked Paul of old Deldrich Wessels. "How does he make all this money he is so fond of spending?"

And Mrs. Wessels would reply with just a touch of pride in her voice that Mr. Alkenberg "is in business on State street," which was all she knew about it.

One day Mrs. Wessels went to the front door to answer a knock, and found a beggar standing outside. She was about to close the door in his face when he spoke.

"I thought Mr. Alkenberg lived here," he said.

"His door opens on the side," she explained, and then went back to tell Deldrich about the queer looking man that had called to see her boarder.

Half an hour after Alkenberg himself knocked and came in.

"Did you see that beggar that came to see 'me'?" he asked. "I make it a rule never to refuse a beggar and somebody had told this fellow he could get help by coming out here to me."

"You don't know anything about this Alkenberg," he said to her. "You don't know how he makes a living or where he gets the money he is so free in spending. For all you know he may be a gambler, or even a scoundrel."

Antje laughed and told him he was jealous. Finally he quit coming to see Antje altogether. Then, of course, Alkenberg made the most of his opportunity.

One afternoon when Antje had not seen Paul for nearly a month he came to the house and asked her to go downtown with him. She asked his reason, but he declined to give it.

"If you don't come with me you'll never forgive yourself," he said. "It was so terrible in earnest about it that Antje finally consented. They rode downtown on cable cars and got off at State and Madison streets."

"I said Paul, 'keep your eyes open as we walk along and see if you can find anybody you know.'"

The usual crowd was on the street. Along the edge of the curb stood a number of men and machines with wheels and toys and showtrains to sell. Here and there sat a beggar, a little shapely man, with a side-walk, with a crippled head, upon the sidewalk, with a crippled head, upon the sidewalk, with a crippled head, upon the sidewalk.

Antje thought Paul must be crazy when he stopped in front of a crippled beggar, whose red hair showed through the holes in his old hat. The poor creature was cowering under a pile of rags. One of his legs was bent under him and one arm was carried in a sling. His right eye was covered with a green patch and his clothes were worn and tattered.

Antje felt sorry for the poor creature. But Paul poked the beggar with his foot. "What do you know about him?" he said. "Let the beggar alone, Paul," cried Antje. "are you crazy?"

But Paul was desperate. He pulled the beggar by the arm and half lifted him to his feet. A crowd gathered about and people began to cry "Shame!" and "Let him alone!" The beggar himself whined and tried to crawl away, groaning as he did so. His hat fell off and showed a full head of falling and thinning hair. Antje noticed that. Then a policeman came through the crowd.

"What's the matter here?" he demanded.

"A bogus beggar," said Paul. "Here as well as you are and isn't crippled at all!"

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The Rock Island will be into Mangum on September 1. For the first time in years, cattle buyers are scarce in Beaver county. Beaver county is looking for an extension of the Rock Island through that county.

The territorial races will come off at Guthrie in September from the 11th to the 15th. Chief Justice Burford snaked a seven-pound bass out of a Colorado stream the other day.

A store in Grant county has started a clock and is giving away guesses on when it will stop.

It is still claimed that the Kiowas are surly and do not want to take their lands in allotment.

The Oklahoma fellows who have been playing the Joplin mine district are coming home looking sad.

Chester I. Long will speak at Liberal, Kan., on August 21, and the people of Beaver county will attend the meeting.

The Anti-Saloon League of Oklahoma City, which was recently turned down by the county commissioners, has taken an appeal.

Bob Neff was chairman of the fusion convention in Kay county. The convention was a "one roofer" and contained 312 delegates.

Gamel, the Ardmore man, who abducted a 14-year-old girl who was infatuated with him, has confessed, and will soon be sentenced.

James Amos, a 15-year-old A. D. T. boy of Oklahoma City, has married Mrs. Polly Holland of Fort Smith, Arkansas, who is of the same age.

Bill Cross, the commercial traveler, is talking of running for congress against Dennis Flynn. He can sell mighty well to the trade up the Salt river.

The middle-of-the-road Populists will nominate a congressional candidate in Oklahoma. It may be Dennis Flynn. That is the man they should support.

Claude McCarty of Oklahoma City, in Linton, recently got on top a mountain 500 feet high from which he could see both the China sea and the Pacific ocean.

Oklahoma City was considerably scared over the fight that was put up against leading bonds to buy the water works. But the anti-bond people were beaten five to one.

The Edmond Sun, a Populist paper, has come out against fusion, saying: "Just as the Democrats of the nation hoped everything would be done by the Democrats of this country trying to do the same thing."

The Guthrie Leader says that the bonus take in Oklahoma is being worked to a finish. It is a bonus judiciously granted is a good thing, but when carried to the point that it keeps the business men and property owners of a city continually "coughing" it is an abomination.

At Okemah a young man named Cook was sleeping under a wagon loaded with sacks of wheat piled high. The team started up and ran a wheel over both of Cook's legs. Strange to say no bones were broken, but Cook still feels like he had been shot out of a cannon first against a stone wall.

Perry Enterprise, Judge A. B. Pitts, who has been identified with Perry and her interests from the earliest days, has decided to cast his lot with the people of Texas. He has bought a newspaper at Belts, Texas, the News, and will leave for there tonight, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Mary, and will at once take charge of the paper.

Along the Kansas Nile.

In 1844 Bridenbath was the Greenback candidate for lieutenant governor. The three fusion committees will have headquarters at Topeka and act as one committee.

D. O. McCray was made secretary of their state central committee by the Silver Republicans.

George R. Peck of Chicago, will be one of the speakers at the coming G. A. R. reunion at Hutchinson.

Annie L. Diggs is given credit by the newspapers for forcing Dave Martin's nomination at Fort Scott.

E. J. Westgate of Finney county broke the Bridenbath state at Fort Scott and got the nomination for state auditor.

A resolution of sympathy for Ex-Congressman Davis, who has gone blind, was adopted by the Populist state convention by a rising vote.

C. J. Leland says that the ticket nominated at Fort Scott is the strongest ever put out by the fusion forces in Kansas.

On the first ballot for a nominee for state superintendent at Fort Scott Levi Humbarger the winner, got 186 votes to Stryker's 132.

The Democrats patched up their differences at Fort Scott. It was their pants they patched up five years ago, under Grover Cleveland.

Ed Little could have had the nomination for congressman-at-large for the asking, but he finally said he didn't want it and this gave the nomination to Jerro Bokkin unanimously.

Members of the Law and Order League at Emporia have had spotters at work for weeks gathering evidence, and on Wednesday eleven prominent druggists and two dentists were arrested.

George Clark of Topeka put Bridenbath in nomination at Fort Scott. Then Leon Locke nominated Ryan and Ryan withdrew, moving that Bridenbath's nomination be unanimous, which was done.

Geo. Innes & Co.

A Saturday Snap

The best bargain of the year. Tomorrow we sell Men-nen's Borated Talcum Powder at the phenomenal price of 12 1/2c.

We made a very fortunate purchase, and tomorrow you may make the same. After Saturday our price will positively return to the regular price.

I Am Still Selling Those Fancy Pieces

At From 25 to 50 Per Cent Cut

The Lightning Fruit Jars

I Have a New Invoice of Them. If You Use Them Once You Will

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